

Sarah Wentworth Apthorp Morton

“Stanzas to a Husband Recently United” (1823)

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In vain upon that hand reclined,
I call each plighted worth my own,
Or rising to thy sovereign mind
Say that it reigns for me alone.

Since, subject to its ardent sway,
How many hearts were left to weep,
To find the granted wish decay,
And the triumphant passion sleep!

Such were of love the transient flame,
Which by the kindling senses led,
To every new attraction came,
And from the known allurements fled.

Unlike the generous care that flows,
With all the rich affections give,
Unlike the mutual hope that knows
But for a dearer self to live.

Was theirs the tender glance to speak
Timid, through many a sparkling tear,
The ever changing hue of cheek,
Its flush of joy, its chill of fear?

Or theirs the full expanded thought,
By taste and moral sense refined,
Each moment with instruction fraught,
The tutor'd elegance of mind?

Be mine the sacred truth that dwells
On One by kindred virtues known,
And mine the chastened glance which tells
That sacred truth to Him alone.

No sordid hope's insidious guise,
No venal pleasure's serpent twine
Invites those soul-illuminated eyes,
And blends this feeling heart with thine.